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PREDICTION.

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He whose experienced eye can pierce th'
array
Of past events, to whom in vision clear
Th' aspiring heads of *future things* appear
Like mountain-tops, whence mists have roll-
ed away. WORDSWORTH.

ONE of the most curious treatises of Cicero, is that on "Divination," or the knowledge of future events which has preserved for us a complete account of those state-con-
trivances which were practised by the Roman government, to instil among the people those hopes and fears by which they created public opinion. As our religious creed has entirely rendered the Pagan obsolete and ridiculous, this treatise is rarely consulted; it will always however remain as a chapter in the history of man.

To these two books of Cicero on "Divination," perhaps a third might be added, and the science of political and moral Prediction may yet not prove to be so vain a thing. Much which overwhelms when it happens may be foreseen, and often defensive measures may be provided to break the waters whose stream we cannot always direct. It is indeed suspected that there exists a faculty in some men which excels in anticipations of the Future, or in the words of Bacon, "making

things FUTURE and REMOTE as PRESENT." There seems something in great minds which serves as a kind of divination; and it has often happened, that a tolerable philosopher has not made an indifferent prophet.

There may be a kind of Prescience in the vaticinations of a profound politician, and we presume that the facts we shall produce will sufficiently establish this principle. No great political or moral revolution has occurred in civilized society which has taken the philosopher by surprise, provided that this man, at once intelligent in the *quicquid agunt homines*, and still withdrawn from their conflicting interests in the retirement of his study, be free from the delusions of parties and sects. Barbarians make sudden irruptions, and alter the face of things at a blow; but intellectual nations, like man himself, are still advancing circumscribed by an eternal circle of similar events and like passions. Whatever is to follow, like our thoughts, is still linked to what precedes it; unless the force of some fortuitous event interrupts the accustomed progress of human affairs. In general, every great event has been usually connected with pre-

sage or prognostick. Lord Bacon has said, "The shepherds of the people should understand *the prognosticks of state tempests*, hollow blasts of wind seemingly at a distance, and secret swellings of the sea, often precede a storm." Continental writers formerly employed a fortunate expression when they wished to have an *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*; this history of the Reformation would have commenced perhaps a century before the Reformation itself. We have indeed a letter from Cardinal Julian to Pope Eugenius IV. written a century before Luther appeared, in which he clearly predicts the Reformation and its consequences. Sir Walter Raleigh foresaw the consequences of the Separatists and Sectaries in the national church about 1530. The very scene his imagination raised has been exhibited to the letter of his description two centuries after the prediction. "Time will soon bring it to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be *turned out of churches into barns*, and from thence again into the *fields and mountains*, and under hedges—all order of discipline and church-government left to newness of opinion and men's fancies, and as *many kinds of religion* spring up as there are parish churches within England." Are we not struck by the profound genius of Tacitus who foresaw the calamities which have ravaged Europe, on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event. In his sublime view of human affairs, he observes, "When the Romans shall be hunted out from those countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their oppressor, will not be able to subsist without destroying their neighbours, and the most cruel wars will exist among all these nations." Leibnitz foresaw the results of those selfish,

and at length demoralising opinions which began to prevail through Europe in his day, and predicted *that revolution* in which they closed, when conducted by a political sect of villainous men who tried "to be worse than they could be," as old Montaigne expresses it—a sort of men whom a fashionable prologue-writer of our times had the audacity to describe as "having a *taste for evil*." I give the entire passage of Leibnitz,—"I find that certain opinions (approaching those of Epicurus and Spinoza), are insinuating themselves little by little into the minds of the great rulers of publick affairs, who serve as the guides of others, and on whom all affairs depend; besides, these opinions are also sliding into fashionable books, and thus *they are preparing all things to that general revolution which menaces Europe*; and in destroying those generous sentiments of the ancients, Greek and Roman, which preferred the love of country, and publick good, and the cares of posterity, to fortune, and even to life. Our *publick spirits*, as the English call them*, excessively diminish and are no more in fashion, and will be still less while the least vicious of these men preserve only one principle which they call *honour*,—a principle which only keeps them from not doing what they deem a low action, while they openly laugh at the love of country—ridicule those who are zealous for publick ends—and when a well-intentioned man asks what will become of their posterity? They reply, "Then, as Now!" *But it may happen to these persons themselves to endure those evils which they believe are reserved for others.* If this epidemical and

* *Publick spirit* and *publick spirits* were about the year 1700, household words with us. Leibnitz was struck by their significance, and it might now puzzle us to find synonyms.

intellectual disorder" could be corrected, whose bad effects are already visible, those evils might still be prevented; but if it proceeds in growth, *Providence will correct man by the very revolution which must spring from it.* Whatever may happen indeed, all must turn out as usual for the best in general at the end of the account; although *this cannot happen without the punishment of those who contribute even to general good by their evil actions.*" Leibnitz, in the seventeenth century, foresaw what occurred in the eighteenth. The passage reads like a prophetick inspiration, verified in the history of the actors in the late revolution, while the result, according to Leibnitz's own exhilarating system of optimism, is an eduction of good from evil. Did not Rousseau predict the convulsions of modern Europe, while he so vividly foresaw the French revolution, that he seriously advised the higher classes of society to have their children taught some useful trade? This notion was highly ridiculed on the first appearance of the *Emile*, but at its hour the truth struck. He too foresaw the horrors of that revolution, for he announced that *Emile* designed to emigrate, because, from the moral state of the people, a virtuous revolution had become impossible.

Unquestionably there have been men of such political sagacity, that they have anticipated events which have sometimes required centuries to achieve; they have detected that principle in the dark mystery of its germ, which time only could develop to others.

When SOLON, accompanied by Epimenides, who was sent by the Athenians to assist him by mutual consultation, was looking on the port and citadel of Munychia, considering it a while, he turned to his companion, exclaiming, "How blind is man to futurity! For, did the

Athenians foresee what mischief this will do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth to get rid of it;" a prediction verified more than two hundred years afterwards. A similar prescient view was conceived by THALES, when he desired to be buried in an obscure quarter of Milesia, observing, that the very spot would in time be the Forum of the Milesians.

The same genius displayed itself in Charlemagne. As this mighty sovereign was standing at the window of a castle by the sea-side, observing a Norman fleet preparing to make a descent, tears started in the eyes of the aged monarch, and he exclaimed, "If they dare to threaten my dominions while I am yet living, what will they do when I shall be no more!" a melancholy prediction of their subsequent incursions, and the protracted miseries of the French nation during a century.

Erasmus, when at Canterbury, before the tomb of Becket, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels, wished that those had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had been only adorned with boughs and flowers: For, said he, "those who have heaped up all that mass of treasure, will one day be plundered, and fall a prey to those who are in power;" a prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. The unknown author of the *Visions of Piers Ploughman*, who wrote in the reign of Edward III., surprised the world by a famous prediction of the fall of the religious houses from the hand of a king. The event was realised two hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Henry VIII. The protestant writers have not scrupled to declare, that in this instance he was "divino numine afflatus." But prediction is not inspiration; the one may be wrought out by man, the other comes from

God. The same principle which led Erasmus to predict, that those who were "in power" would destroy the rich shrine, because no other class of men in society were equal to mate with one so mighty as the monks, conducted the author of *Piers Ploughman* to the same conclusion; and since power only could accomplish that great purpose, he fixed on the highest as the most likely; and the wise prediction was, so long after, literally accomplished.

This spirit of foresight, in contemplative minds, was evinced by our great antiquary Dugdale. In 1641 he anticipated the scene which was preparing to open, in the destruction of our ancient monuments in cathedral churches. He then hastened his zealous itinerant labours, of taking draughts, and copying inscriptions, "to preserve them for future and better times." And thus it was, that, conducted by his prescient spirit, posterity owes to Dugdale the ancient monuments of England. The next age will instruct itself with the history of ours, as we do by that of the last. Involved amid the most rapid reverses, those who only draw from the surface of history the volatile pleasure of a romantick tale, or deaden all its living facts by the torpedo touch of chronological antiquarianism, will not easily comprehend the principles which terminate in certain political events, nor the characters among mankind who are the usual actors in those scenes. "The thing that hath been, is that which shall be." The heart of man beats on the same eternal springs. Whether he paces, or whether he flies, his reasoning unreasonable being cannot escape out of the march of human thought and human passions. Thus we discover how, in the most extraordinary revolutions, the time and the place only have changed. Even when events

are not strictly parallel, the conducting principles are the same.

When the French revolution recalled our attention to our own, the neglected volumes which preserved the publick and private history of our Charles I. and Cromwell, were collected with eager curiosity. How often the scene existing before us, nay the very personages themselves, opened on us in those forgotten pages. But as the annals of human nature did not commence with those of Charles I., we took a still more retrograde step; and it was discovered, in this wider range, that, in the various governments of Greece and Rome, the events of those times had been only reproduced. Among them the same principles had terminated in the same results, and the same personages had figured in the same drama. This strikingly appears in a little curious volume, entitled, "*Essai sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Française, par une Société d'Auteurs Latins.*" *

This "Society of Latin Authors," who have so inimitably written the history of the French revolution, consists of the Roman historians themselves! By extracts ingeniously applied, the events of that melancholy period are so appositely described, indeed so minutely detailed, that they will not fail to surprise those who are not accustomed to detect the perpetual parallels which we meet in philosophical history.

Many of these crises in history are close resemblances of each other. Compare the history of "the League," in French history, with that of our own civil wars; we are struck by the sudden occurrences, performed by the same political characters which played their part on both those great theatres of human action. A satirical royalist of those times has commemo-

* Published at Paris 1801.

rated the motives, the incidents, and the personages, and has produced a *Hudibras* in prose. The author of the "*Satire Menippée de la Vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne*," discovers all the bitter ridicule of Butler, in his ludicrous and severe exhibition of the "*Etats de Paris*," while the artist who designed the satirical prints, becomes no contemptible Hogarth. So much are these publick events alike, in their general spirit and termination, that they have afforded the subject of a curious volume, entitled, "*Essai sur les Révolutions*;"* the whole work was modelled on this principle. "It would be possible," says that eloquent writer, "to frame a table, or chart, in which all the given imaginable events of the history of a people would be reduced to a mathematical exactness." The conception is fanciful, but it is founded on truth. He who judges of the present by the parallels which the past furnishes, has one source opened to him of a knowledge of the future. We find how minds of large comprehension have been noticed for possessing this faculty of prediction. Cornelius Nepos relates of Cicero, that he remarkably exercised this political prescience, so that, with him, it seemed a kind of divination; for Cicero "not only foretold events which happened in his own time, but had also prophesied what has occurred in these days." There is a remarkable expression employed by Thucydides, in his character of Themistocles, of which the following is given as a close translation: "By a species of sagacity peculiarly his own, for which he was in no degree indebted either to early education or after study, he was supereminently happy in forming a prompt judgment in matters that admitted but little time for deliberation; at the same time that he far surpassed all, in his *deductions of the future, from the past*;" or was the *best guesser of the future from the past*. And assuredly our country has witnessed among our illustrious men, many a rival in prediction with Themistocles. Burke, Pitt, and a noble statesman yet living, were often endowed with the faculty of political vaticination. The instances are numerous and familiar. The eloquence of Burke is often oracular; a speech of Pitt, in 1800, painted the state of Europe, as it was only realised fifteen years afterwards. The Marquis of Wellesly's incomparable character of Bonaparte predicted his fall when highest in his glory; that great statesman then poured forth the sublime language of philosophical prophesy: "His eagerness of power is so inordinate—his jealousy of independence so fierce—his keenness of appetite so feverish in all that touched his ambition, even in the most trifling things, that he must plunge into desperate difficulties. He is one of an order of minds that, by nature, make for themselves great reverses." Such are the statesmen of genius: prescient moralists! who so happily succeed in their predictions of the fortune and the character of famous individuals. The revolutionary character of Cardinal de Retz was detected, by the sagacity of Cardinal Mazarine, even in the youth of de Retz. He then wrote a history of the conspiracy of Fiesco, with such vehement admiration of his hero, that the Italian politician having read it, predicted that the young author would be one of the most turbulent spirits of the age. The father of Marshal Biron, even amid

* An extraordinary work, which soon sold, in the reprinting has suffered many castrations. It was printed here as a first volume, but probably remained unpublished. I read with some surprise the single copy which was said to have been saved from the entire edition.

the glory of his son, discovered the cloud which was to obscure it, invisible to other men: "Biron," said he, "I advise thee, when peace takes place, to go and plant cabbages in thy garden, otherwise I warn thee thou wilt lose thy head on a scaffold." The future character of Cromwell was apparent to two of our great politicians: "This coarse, unpromising young man," said Lord

Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, "will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows." And Archbishop Williams, on a visit Charles I. paid him, told the king confidentially, that "there was *that* in Cromwell which forbode something dangerous: and wished his Majesty would either win him over to him, or get him taken off." (*To be concluded in our next.*)

"THE DYNASTY OF DANDIES."

From the London Literary Gazette.

I AM a member of a society consisting of certain distinguished persons, whose manners or merits have raised them above the level of the world. Upon this Society some busy people, who would fain be considered the wits of the day, have thought proper to inflict the absurd title of "Dandies." This folly gives us but little concern, and we have pretty distinctly traced it to a certain *short-sighted* elderly gentleman, who was some time since blackballed on an application to be admitted a member of our club. If we are wrong in this idea, we are at least secure in (*then*) attributing this silly appellative to the envy of some obscure scribbler—possibly some ragged fellow who has been neglected or cut by "one of us," and who has satisfied at once his hunger and his malice, by levelling bad jokes at his betters.

You seem, Sir, to have more good-nature than many of your cotemporary editors, and appear to me to be not altogether unworthy of being admitted into our mysteries. For the gratification of yourself and your readers, you shall know something about us.

Our Sect, or Society, is unquestionably the first and the most select in the empire of Taste. It is an "imperium in imperio," as the poet says. Our form of government is

an absolute (but not hereditary) monarchy; and our laws are framed as far as possible according to the strictest letter of courtesy. We number in our list the witty and the most illustrious: no person, whose claims to distinction have not been confirmed by the jealous admiration, or envious notice of "the crowd," can be admitted a member of the "Gentleman's Club;" and even then not until he has undergone a certain probation, and cleansed himself from the sins of vulgar heresies.

No oaths are permitted by the laws—tho' some few *exclamations*, as "By Gad," "Pon hanneur," &c. are tolerated in emergencies. No member is allowed to incur the risk of being stifled by the air Eastward of Temple Bar, without special consent (unless he be compelled to go to the Bank for money :) and the privilege of being choked or *distended* at a city feast can only be acquired by ballot: this point, however, is sometimes ceded to the intelligent and illustrious, our society not being destitute of the spirit of discovery, and being really anxious to ascertain *all* the real gradations between themselves and *absolutely* savage nature.

No person wearing shoes in the morning or boots in the evening, can be admitted a member of the

Society. The same penalty attaches to those who presume to stare at pretty women without the aid of an eye-glass. Every member, on being admitted into the Society, must forswear the use of some liquid called "porter," and must abjure also a certain herbaceous plant or grass of disagreeable odour, entitled (I believe) "coppage," or "cabbage." [This plant, I think B. once said, had been adopted by the state in a season of scarcity, and was afterwards prescribed, as aliment, for tailors.] No person who has smoked tobacco, or drank punch, since he came to years of discretion, can possibly be admitted without the most thorough purgation. Bruisers are not admitted, nor coachmen, whether amateurs or professors, though some of the former are retained on the "establishment" at a liberal salary, to avenge any insult offered to the Society.

Puns and jokes of all sorts are prohibited. In short, there are fifty other regulations, equally conducive to mirth and good humour.

Ours is an elective monarchy: and though, as I have said, we number amongst us the most illustrious persons of the time, our choice is never determined without the most severe scrutiny into the habits and character of the candidate.

There is now unhappily an interregnum with us: for poor B——, who was elected unanimously, and with the expression of a feeling almost amounting to acclamation (the recollection makes me shudder even now) has—*retired*, without giving up the sceptre of command. We had hoped to have offered it to a certain distinguished individual, who has been labouring with indifferent success for some years to eclipse the rest of mankind in dress: B——, however, objected to transfer the sceptre to that gentleman's hands. It was found necessary, therefore, to resort to a general

meeting, in order (by repealing old laws, and framing new ones) to relieve us at once from the *tenacity* of B——.

I attended the meeting—and the following memoranda (copied from the Secretary's book) may serve to give you an idea of the manner in which we conduct business.

N. B. It is to be observed, that the Secretary is not a member.—It was intended originally that none but members should be present at our discussions, and that the office of Secretary should be "*endured* in rotation." This plan, however, (owing to the indifferent writing of some members, and the bad spelling of others) was found inconvenient.

(COPY.)

"Memoranda made at a general meeting of the 'Gentleman's Club,' held at the Thatched-House Tavern on the 9th day of June 1816:

The Secretary read the requisition for a meeting in order to appoint a President; and in order that the applications of various persons for admission into the Society, should be taken into consideration.

The Hon. Mr. S—— then rose, and moved, 'that the Society was in want of a *head*.'—This was agreed to, after an observation by Lord P——, that he 'really never could see the *use of a head*.'

Lieutenant ——, of the 'gards,' moved, rather abruptly, that the weather was 'insupportable, and that the Society should adjourn to a more convenient season.'

The Duke of —— objected the disordered state of the Society, &c. and assured the meeting that he thought it much better to exist in hot weather than in *hot water*. (Applause.)

A new Member, in a pink waistcoat, suggested, in a low conciliatory tone, that any gentleman whose stays should be found oppressive

might be at liberty to retire, paying his fine.—Agreed to, nem. con.

The Hon. Mr. S. then moved, that 'the meeting do resolve, that the law respecting President be repealed, and forthwith proceed to elect a head.'

The Marquis T—said that the title 'head' was too extensive, it comprehended more than suited the views of the Society, and moved, by way of amendment, that the title 'Grand Master' be adopted by the Society.—Agreed to, after some discussion.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were then successively put in nomination for the office of Grand Master of the Society.

The Duke of —.

Murmurs—a general expression of discontent—no ballot took place—*Lord P.* (curling his mustachios) swore that 'that was rather too good.'

The Earl of Drum.

Silence—a member observed at last, that the Earl had 'once been caged all night for breaking lamps.' Lieutenant — 'really could not see the objection' (*a smile.*)—The Earl was blackballed.

Lord Viscount —.

A general laugh—one member said that his Lordship's 'spelling' was not such as would become a Grand Master.—Lieutenant — in some warmth 'protested against such remarks. He considered that the Viscount could spell as well as himself' (viz. the Lieutenant :) at any rate he knew that his Lordship 'could always spell for himself.'

Mr. S—observed, that 'his Lordship was in the habit of drinking "porter" at Newmarket, and he played at twopenny whist and brag with the blacklegs.'—General symptoms of disgust—blackballed.

Lord George —.

A member said that Lord George was a 'common author,'—but it was

retorted that he was not a common author.—*Mr. S.* admitted that Lord George had been guilty of writing a book, but he contended, that 'as it never sold, no objection could be maintained on that score.'—One member asserted that the book contained jokes. This was repelled, and the book was referred to, for a joke, without success.—*Mr. S.* said that there did not appear to be a 'mens vivida' (or disposition to wit) in Lord George, and as he could find 'nothing particularly ludicrous, excepting only an "Invocation (by Lord George) to Genius,"' he must be acquitted.'—Only one blackball.

Mr. R—.

The Secretary was desired to request *Mr. R.* to awake and retire. This was affected with some difficulty, and he was put in nomination. A young Member in light blue cossacks, said that it would be an eternal disgrace to the Society if it were to nominate a tradesman.—*Mr. S.* objected to this (goodnaturefully) and said that 'the man was a merchant, and as he *had* been admitted a member, he doubted whether Sir —'s objection would lay.'—A Member in a straw-coloured cravat, said that *R.* was notoriously in the habit daily of eating 'coppage.'—A general shrugging of shoulders. (The Secretary here asked whether he should not write 'cabbage?') The reply was, that it was 'immaterial.'—All the balls were black.

Here the door-keeper came in, and said that *Mr. R.* had requested him to "go for a pot of porter."—all the members astonished—one inquired what was the nature of porter? to which his neighbour answered, that he believed it was a medicine, used as a palliative or soporific. *Mr. S.* however defined it to be "an intoxicating beverage, like port, much drank by the lower

orders."* The doorkeeper ordered to retire, and a vote of expulsion passed against Mr. R.

Mr. S. now said, that as several of the honourable members were asleep, he should move to adjourn the meeting—sine dine.—Agreed to nem. con. (Signed) C H—."

* This definition was actually given, with respect to port wine, by one of the bright stars of the hemisphere of fashion.—Ed.

This is a faithful transcript of the minute book.

I had intended to have sent you some characters of our most celebrated members, but I am tired of writing. Perhaps I may resume my pen on some future day.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, &c. &c. &c.

JAMES JESSAMINE.

CORNUCOPIA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MULIERIANA:

OR,

ANECDOTES CONCERNING THE FAIR SEX.

(Selected from French Authors.)

IN many country churches, it is the custom to place the men on one side, and the women on the other. One day, in the middle of his sermon, a monk heard some one talking; and, this interruption disturbing him, he complained of it. A woman starts up immediately, in hopes of vindicating her sex, and said, "*However, reverend father, it is not on our side.*"—"So much the better, my good woman, so much the better, (answered the monk) it will sooner be at an end."

One day, a little girl, coming from catechism, her parents, seeing her melancholy, asked what was the matter? "The curate is always scolding me: he asked me how many Gods there were?" "Well then, you answered, there was only one."—"What do you say!—One! I told him there are three; and still he's not content."

Count Fuentes was one of the greatest gallants in Spain, and so successful in his addresses, that when he was appointed ambassador to the French court, the queen (as is re-

ported) forbid him carrying on his intrigues there; and, even when he arrived, repeated her injunctions personally to him. In spite of her injunctions, however, he took the liberty to pay his addresses to a very handsome young widow. She complaisantly received his declaration, but on condition that she should have a confidant: the count agreed, being charmed to find her so little offended with his pretensions. As he went every day to see her, one afternoon he found his wife, the Countess de Fuentes, with her; "Now (says the young widow) that we three are alone, I have an affair to communicate that concerns both my honour and my tranquillity." This introduction interesting the other two, they expressed their acknowledgments for so high a mark of confidence. "The matter is this, (continued the widow, turning to the countess,) your husband is in love with me, and I received his declaration on condition of having a confidant in our courtship: I believe, madam, I can never find a more prudent one than you; and I entreat you to take me under your protection, that I may order my conduct according to your counsels."

The husband's confusion may easily be conceived: the countess, however, pardoned him; and, it is said, he was reformed ever after.

A young girl, at confession, accused herself of having learned an indecent song: but her confessor, not satisfied with that, asked her what song it was. The poor simple girl, without ceremony, then sung it out aloud in the church.

On the last sermon being preached, at a visitation in a country church, every one melted into tears, except one good old woman. "But why don't you cry too?" said a peasant girl to her. "*And why should I, (said she,) when I don't belong to the parish?*"

A woman going in haste to one of her neighbours, told her, in confidence, some mighty secret, and enjoined her not to tell it to any one. "*Make yourself easy, (says the confidant,) you may depend on my keeping it as well as yourself.*"

A lady talking to Colbert on business, and he making her no answer,—"*My lord (said she,) at least make some sign that you understand me.*"

A monk, going round to collect alms, in the church, said that, as for him, he had renounced a considerable estate when he took the habit of his order. "*You would still have done better, (says a lady,) to renounce other people's goods than your own.*"

Rousseau, the author of *Emilius*, tells us of two arch tricks, one played by a boy, the other by a girl; who had both been forbidden to ask for any thing at table. The little boy, who had been cruelly neglected, and still in fear of disobeying, at last thought of taking a little salt,—that was enough to give notice he wanted some meat. The little girl was in a very different case, for she had eaten of every dish on the table *except one*, that she much longed after. Now, to come to what she

coveted, without being taxed with disobedience, she made a general review of all the dishes on the table, saying aloud, "I eat some of that, I eat some of this," &c. But she affected so visibly to pass over one dish she had not eaten of, that some one took notice, and said, "Have you not eaten of this dish also?" "Oh! no," says the little girl, in a low voice, dropping down her eyes. If this trick be more cunning, it is a girl's archness: the other was only a boy's.

A famous doctor being very busy in his study, a little girl came in to ask him for some fire. "But, (says the doctor,) you have nothing to take it in;" and, as he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fireplace, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

(To be continued.)

ELECTIONS.

The following is a remarkable specimen of electing members for parliament in the last century. It was taken from a memorandum manuscript of J. Harrington, esq. of Kelston, in Somersetshire, dated 1646.

"A note of my Bathe businesse aboute the parliament. Saturday, December 26, 1646, went to Bathe, and dined withe the maior and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in parliament, as my father was helpless, and ill able to go any more.

"Went to the George Inn at night, met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; drank strong beer and metheglin; expended about three shillings, went home late; but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.

"Monday, December 28, went to Bathe; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the Citizens to serve for the City. The

maior and citizens conferred about parliament business.

"The mair promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a-piece, when we went to London to the parliament, which we accepted of; and we talked about the synod, and ecclesiastical dismissions. I am to go again on Thursday, and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice thereon."

WILLIAM PENN'S MAXIMS.

The publick must and will be served; and they that do it well, deserve publick marks of honour and profit.

To do so, men must have publick minds, as well as salaries, or they will serve private ends at the publick cost.

Governments can never be well administered, but where those entrusted *make conscience* of well discharging their places.

Five things are requisite to a good officer—ability, clean hands, dispatch, patience, and impartiality.

That they are able, should be just too; or the government may be the worse for their capacity.

The taking of a bribe, or gratuity, should be punished with as severe penalties as defrauding the state.

Let men have sufficient salaries, and exceed them at their peril.

To be paid, and not to do business, is rank oppression.

Some are so proud, or testy, they will not *hear* what they should *redress*.

Others so weak, that they *sink*, or *burst*, under the weight of their office, though they can lightly *run away* with the salary of it.

ETAT DE LA FRANCE, L'AN 26.

Le peuple Français	- -	A B C
La gloire nationale	- -	F A C
Quarante trois departemens	- -	C D
L'Armée	- -	D P C
Les braves	- -	H E
Le roi n'est pas	- -	M E
Les pairs	- -	E B T
Les députés	- -	H T
La dette	- -	O C
Le credit	- -	B C
La liberté de la presse	- -	O T

La charte - - - L U D
Les ministres - - - A T

The solution lies in giving the letters their full and distinct French pronunciation.

LONGEVITY.

On the 8th of March, 1764, died at Fishkill, Dutchess county, New-York, Mr. Eglebert Hoff, in the one hundred and twenty-eighth year of his age. He was born in Norway, and remembered that he was a lad driving a team, when news was brought to his country that King Charles I. was beheaded. He served as a soldier under the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of England, in the time of King James II. In Queen Anne's war, he went a privateering out of New York, being then aged 70. When he returned, he married, had twelve children, and afterwards lived a widower thirty-three years. He never used spectacles, but read fluently. His memory and senses were entirely strong until death, which was occasioned by a fall that mortally hurt his hip.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

The Chevalier's letters to his mother excited the attention of all Europe, by their elegance and sensibility; one trait, in addition, will finish his character. He had an old female servant, who robbed him every day; he was frequently told of it, and asked why he did not turn her away? his only reply was—"If I do, who will take her?"

PERCIVAL AND BELLINGHAM.

It is a singular historical fact, that an ancestor of the late *Mr. Spencer Percival*, also fell by the hand of an assassin, in the year 1657. *Robert Percival*, second son of the *Right Honourable Sir P. P. knt.* dreamed that he saw his own spectre bloody and ghastly, and was so shocked at the sight that he swooned away. Soon after he communicated the particulars to his uncle, *Sir Robert Smithwell*, he was found dead in the Strand, murdered.

The *Bellingham* extract from the rolls of parliament, anno dom. 1449, 27, Henry VI. beseeches Syre Thomas Parr, knyght, one of the knights of the shire in the present court of Parliament for the shire of Cumberland; that he, the 14 day of March, the year of our Lord Kynge, that now on the 24 was coming toward the said court of Parliament, Robert Bellingham, late of Burnetsted, in the county of Westmoreland, Thomas Bellingham, late of the same, (and three others,) the day and year aforesaid, upon certain ground, called Cornwallise ground, beside the crayne in the ward of the ventrie in London, whereby the highway of the said Syre Thomas lay to go to the wartir of the Thames from his lodging-place, and from there to the said hygh court of Parliament, being at Westminstere, felons by-lay in await of the same said Thomas, to

the intent to have murdered or slain him, and there to such intent assault made upon him. And in the subsequent reign of Henrie VII. the year, says our informer, I do not recollect, "one Herrie (Henrie) Bellingham, was attainted for treason and his estate escheated."

In a letter which Bellingham wrote to a friend at Liverpool, a few days before the death of Percival, are the following curious expressions:—"I wish my affairs were come to a conclusion, every thing in point of law is in my favour; but Mr. P. and the ministry have hitherto shewn themselves more inclined to favour Lord Gower than to do justice to me; however, as I am resolved on having justice, in case of need, *I will very shortly play a court-card to compel them to finish the game.*"

CONFESSIONS OF A MURDERER.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

GOSSCHEN'S DIARY....NO. I.

[The following striking narrative is translated from the MS. Memoirs of the late Rev. Dr. Gottlieb Michael Gosschen, a Catholick clergyman of great eminence in the city of Ratisbon. It was the custom of this divine to preserve, in the shape of a diary, a regular account of all the interesting particulars which fell in his way, during the exercise of his sacred profession. Two thick small quartos, filled with these strange materials, have been put into our hands by the kindness of Count Frederick von Lindenbaumenberg, to whom the worthy father bequeathed them. Many a dark story, well fitted to be the groundwork of a romance,—many a tale of guilty love and repentance,—many a fearful monument of remorse and horror, might we extract from this record of dungeons and confessionals. We shall from time to time do so, but sparingly, and what is still more necessary, with selection.]

NEVER had a murder so agitated the inhabitants of this city as

that of Maria von Richterstein. No heart could be pacified till the murderer was condemned. But no sooner was his doom sealed, and the day fixed for his execution, than a great change took place in the public feeling. The evidence, though conclusive, had been wholly circumstantial. And people who, before his condemnation, were as assured of the murderer's guilt as if they had seen him with red hands, began now to conjure up the most contradictory and absurd reasons for believing in the possibility of his innocence. His own dark and sullen silence seemed to some, an indignant expression of that innocence which he was too proud to avow,—some thought they saw in his imperturbable demeanor, a resolution to court death, because his life was miserable, and his reputation blasted,—and others, the most numerous, without reason or reflection, felt

such sympathy with the criminal, as almost amounted to a negation of his crime. The man under sentence of death, was in all the beauty of youth, distinguished above his fellows for graceful accomplishments, and the last of a noble family. He had lain a month in his dungeon heavily laden with irons. Only the first week he had been visited by several religionists, but he then fiercely ordered the jailor to admit no more "men of God,"—and till the eve of his execution, he had lain in dark solitude, abandoned to his own soul.

It was near midnight when a message was sent to me by a magistrate, that the murderer was desirous of seeing me. I had been with many men in his unhappy situation, and in no case had I failed to calm the agonies of grief, and the fears of the world to come. But I had known this youth—had sat with him at his father's table—I knew also that there was in him a strange and fearful mixture of good and evil—I was aware that there were circumstances in the history of his progenitors not generally known—nay, in his own life—that made him an object of awful commiseration—and I went to his cell with an agitating sense of the enormity of his guilt, but a still more agitating one of the depth of his misery, and the wildness of his misfortunes.

I entered his cell, and the phantom struck me with terror. He stood erect in his irons, like a corpse that had risen from the grave. His face, once so beautiful, was pale as a shroud, and drawn into ghastly wrinkles. His black-matted hair hung over it with a terrible expression of wrathful and savage misery. And his large eyes, which were once black, glared with a light in which all colour was lost, and seemed to fill the whole dungeon with their flashings. I saw his guilt—I saw what was more terrible than his guilt—his insanity—not in

emaciation only—not in that more than death-like whiteness of his face—but in *all* that stood before me—the *figure*, round which was gathered the agonies of so many long days and nights of remorse and phrensy—and of a despair that had no fears of this world or its terrors, but that was plunged in the abyss of eternity.

For a while the figure said nothing. He then waved his arm, that made his irons clank, motioning me to sit down on the iron frame-work of his bed; and when I did so, the murderer took his place by my side.

A lamp burned on a table before us—and on that table there had been drawn by the maniac—for I must indeed so call him—a decapitated human body—the neck as if streaming with gore—and the face writhed into horrible convulsions, but bearing a resemblance not to be mistaken to that of him who had traced the horrid picture. He saw that my eyes rested on this fearful mockery—and, with a recklessness fighting with despair, he burst out into a broken peal of laughter, and said, "to-morrow will you see that picture drawn in blood!"

He then grasped me violently by the arm, and told me to listen to his confession,—and then to say what I thought of God and his eternal Providence.

"I have been assailed by idiots, fools, and drivellers, who could understand nothing of me nor of my crime,—men who came not here that I might confess before God, but reveal myself to them,—and I drove the tamperers with misery and guilt out of a cell sacred to insanity. But my hands have played in infancy, long before I was a murderer, with thy gray hairs, and now, even that I am a murderer, I can still touch them with love and with reverence. Therefore my lips, shut to all besides, shall be opened unto thee.

"I murdered her. Who else

loved her so well as to shed her innocent blood? It was I that enjoyed her beauty—a beauty surpassing that of the daughters of men,—it was I that filled her soul with bliss, and with trouble,—it was I alone that was privileged to take her life. I brought her into sin—I kept her in sin—and when she would have left her sin, it was fitting that I, to whom her heart, her body, and her soul belonged, should suffer no divorcement of them from my bosom, as long as there was blood in her's,—and when I saw the poor infatuated wretch was resolved—I slew her:—yes, with this blessed hand I stabbed her to the heart.

“Do you think there was no pleasure in murdering her? I grasped her by that radiant, that golden hair, ---I bared those snow-white breasts, ---I dragged her sweet body towards me, and as God is my witness, I stabbed, and stabbed her with this very dagger, ten, twenty, forty times, through and through her heart. She never so much as gave one shriek, for she was dead in a moment,—but she would not have shrieked had she endured pang after pang, for she saw my face of wrath turned upon her,—she knew that my wrath was just, and that I did right to murder her who would have forsaken her lover in his insanity.

“I laid her down upon a bank of flowers,—that were soon stained with her blood. I saw the dim blue eyes beneath the half-closed lids, —that face so changeful in its living beauty was now fixed as ice, and the balmy breath came from her sweet lips no more. My joy, my happiness, was perfect. I took her into my arms—madly as I did on that night when first I robbed her of what fools called her innocence—but her innocence has gone with her to heaven—and there I lay with her bleeding breasts prest to my heart, and many were the thousand kisses

that I gave those breasts, cold and bloody as they were, which I had many million times kissed in all the warmth of their loving loveliness, and which none were ever to kiss again but the husband who had murdered her.

“I looked up to the sky. There shone the moon and all her stars, Tranquillity, order, harmony, and peace, glittered throughout the whole universe of God. ‘Look up, Maria, your favourite star has arisen.’ I gazed upon her, and death had begun to change her into something that was most terrible. Her features were hardened and sharp,—her body stiff as a lump of frozen clay,—her fingers rigid and clenched,—and the blood that was once so beautiful in her thin blue veins, was now hideously coagulated all over her corpse. I gazed on her one moment longer, and, all at once, I recollected that we were a family of madmen. Did not my father perish by his own hand? Blood had before been shed in our house. Did not that warrior ancestor of ours die raving in chains? Were not those eyes of mine always unlike those of other men? Wilder---at times fiercer---and oh! father, saw you never there a melancholy, too woful for mortal man, a look sent up from the darkness of a soul that God never visited in his mercy?

“I knelt down beside my dead wife. But I knelt not down to pray. No: I cried unto God, if God there be---‘Thou madest me a madman! Thou madest me a murderer! Thou foredoomedst me to sin and to hell! Thou, thou, the gracious God whom we mortals worship. There is the sacrifice! I have done thy will,—I have slain the most blissful of all thy creatures;—am I a holy and commissioned priest, or am I an accursed and infidel murderer?’

“Father, you start at such words! You are not familiar with a madman’s

thoughts. Did I make this blood to boil so? Did I form this brain? Did I put that poison into my veins which flowed a hundred years since in the heart of that lunatick, my heroick ancestor? Had I not my being imposed, forced upon me, with all its red-rolling sea of dreams; and will you, a right holy and pious man, curse me because my soul was carried away by them as a ship is driven through the raging darkness of a storm? A thousand times, even when she lay in resigned love in my bosom, something whispered to me, 'Murder her!' It may have been the voice of Satan---it may have been the voice of God. For who can tell the voice of heaven from that of hell? Look on this blood-crusted dagger---look on the hand that drove it to her heart, and then dare to judge of me and of my crimes, or comprehend God and all his terrible decrees!

"Look not away from me. Was I not once confined in a madhouse? Are these the first chains I ever wore? No. I remember things of old, that others may think I have forgotten. Dreams will disappear for a long, long time, but they will return again. It may have been some one like me that I once saw sitting chained, in his black melancholy, in a madhouse. I may have been only a stranger passing through that wild world. I know not. The sound of chains brings with it a crowd of thoughts, that come rushing upon me from a dark and far-off world. But if it indeed be true, that in my boyhood I was not as other happy boys, and that even then the clouds of God's wrath hung around me,---that God may not suffer my soul everlastingly to perish.

"I started up. I covered the dead body with bloody leaves, and

tufts of grass, and flowers. I washed my hands from blood---I went to bed---I slept---yes, I slept---for there is no hell like the hell of sleep, and into that hell God delivered me. I did not give myself up to judgment. I wished to walk about with the secret curse of the murder in my soul. What could men do to me so cruel as to let me live? How could God curse me more in black and fiery hell than on this green and flowery earth? And what right had such men as those dull heavy-eyed burghers to sit in judgment upon me, in whose face they were afraid to look for a moment, lest one gleam of it should frighten them into idiocy? What right have they, who are not as I am to load me with their chains, or to let their villain executioner spill my blood? If I deserve punishment---it must rise up in a blacker cloud under the hand of God in my soul.

"I will not kneel--a madman has no need of sacraments. I do not wish the forgiveness of God. All that I wish is the forgiveness of her I slew; and well I know that death cannot so change the heart that once had life, as to obliterate from THINE the merciful love of me! Spirits may in heaven have beautiful bosoms no more; but thou, who art a spirit, will save him from eternal perdition, whom thou now knowest God created subject to a terrible disease. If there be mercy in heaven, it must be with thee. Thy path thither lay through blood: so will mine. Father! thinkst thou that we shall meet in heaven. Lay us at least in one grave on earth."

In a moment he was dead at my feet. The stroke of the dagger was like lightning, and-- * * * *

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VARIETIES.

From the Literary Panorama.

ANECDOTE OF THOMAS SHERIDAN,
THE only son of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He early entered the army, and Lord Moira, then commander in chief in Scotland, appointed him one of his aides-de camp. Having contracted the habit of keeping bad hours, the noble Earl exposed the impropriety of such conduct in the following very gentle but most effectual way. In the capacity of aide-de-camp, the young man resided in the splendid mansion of his patron; and one evening his lordship, purposely sending all the servants to bed, sat up himself till four or five in the morning, when Mr. Sheridan, who happened to be the junior officer on his staff, returned in *high spirits* from a ball. He was not permitted to knock long, for his illustrious commander obeyed the first summons with the utmost promptitude, and going down with a couple of candles, ceremoniously lighted the astonished subaltern to his bed-chamber.

PLANT LAMB !

THE most extraordinary of the curiosities of Little Tartary is, the *Lamb of Muscovy*, which grows between the two great rivers the Don and the Wolga. This plant is remarkable for possessing a great portion of the animal nature. It is for this reason it is called the Animal plant; as also Zoophytes, and, in the Russian language, Bonarets. —The fruit is of the size of a gourd, or melon; it has the figure of a sheep, all the limbs of which are discoverable. It is fastened to the earth by the naval, upon a stalk of two feet in length. It always leans

towards the grass, and the plants that grow round it, and changes its place as much as the stump will suffer.—When the fruit comes to maturity the stalk dies; it is covered with a hairy skin, frizzled like that of a lamb just lambed, and the skin serves it as a fur to defend it from the cold. It is further observed that this plant never dies till it can no longer find grass to nourish it. The fruit yields a juice like blood, when it is taken from the stalk; and has the taste of mutton. The wolf is as fond of this plant as of real mutton; and the Muscovites make use of it, in order to surprise those animals.

MONUMENT FOR MARY ASHFORD.

By the Birmingham Chronicle, it appears, that a stone has lately been placed in the church-yard of Sutton Coldfield, over the remains of the late unfortunate Mary Ashford, by the Rev. Luke Booker, and which bears the following inscription :

As a warning to female virtue,
 And a humble Monument to female chastity,
 This Stone marks the grave
 of
MARY ASHFORD,
 Who, in the Twentieth Year of her Age,
 Having incautiously repaired to a scene of
 amusement,
 Without proper protection,
 Was brutally violated and murdered,
 On the 27th of May, 1817.

Lovely and chaste as is the primrose pale,
 Riffled of Virgin sweetness by the gale;
 Mary! the wretch who thee remorseless slew,
 Avenging wrath, which sleeps not, will pursue;
 For though the deed of blood be veiled in night,
 Will not the judge of all the earth do right?
 Fair blighted flower, the muse that weeps thy
 doom,
 Rears o'er thy murdered form—this warning
 tomb.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Confucius," in our next. We have on file several original papers, which shall receive an early attention. The "*West Indian Adventurer*," is, if we mistake not, intended to answer a different purpose than that of amusing our readers, and is therefore laid aside till we receive the sequel to the "*Tale*."—Lines addressed to "*Ann* * * *," have been mislaid,—another copy is requested.